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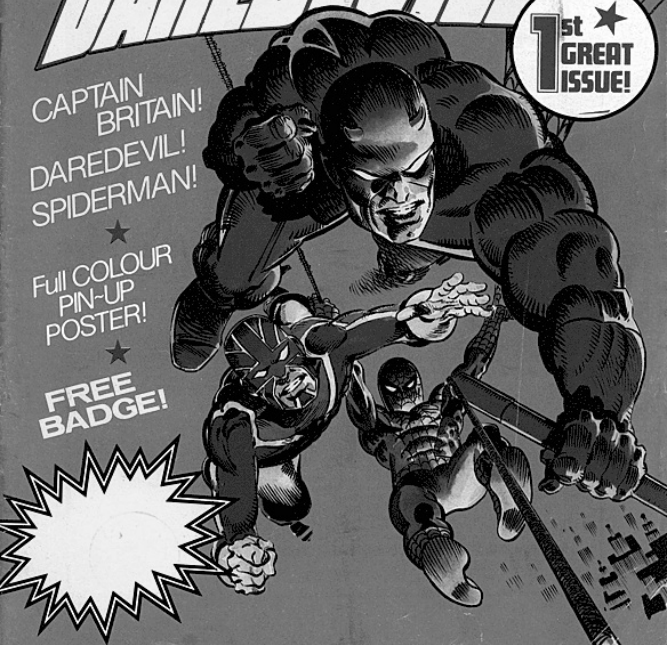
THE DAREDEVILS

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BRITAIN!
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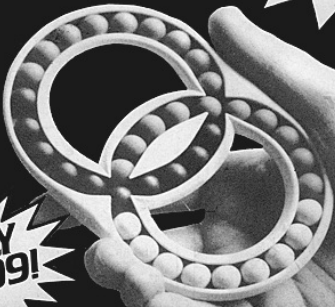
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THE DAREDEVILS

Welcome to issue 1 of The Daredevils! Read, enjoy and send your comments to: The Daredevils, Marvel Comics, 205-211 Kentish Town Road, Kentish Town, London NW5.

THE SECRETS OF

DAREDEVIL'S BILLY CLUB!

...BUT WHENEVER IT'S
NEEDED, THE GANE CAN BE
QUICKLY SNAPPED APART--



...INTO TWO SECTIONS,
EACH HAVING A SPECIFIC
FUNCTION IN RELATION
TO HIS DUTIES.



THE FIRST SECTION
CONTAINS A SPRING-
RELEASE MECHANISM,
WHICH INSTANTLY
STRAIGHTENS THE
CURVED CANE
HANDLE AT THE
TOUCH OF A
SINGLE STUD.

A SECOND TAP OF
THE STUD EX-
TENDS A LENGTH
OF CABLE FROM
WITHIN THE
HANDLE TO FORM
A RETRACTABLE,
HOOK-CATCHING
HOOK.



THIS HOOK-AND-
CABLE DEVICE
ENABLES D.D.
TO SWING
ACROSS DIS-
TANCES TOO
GREAT FOR
HIM TO LEAP.



DAREDEVIL

Marked for Murder p.15
Daredevil meets his assassins!

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

A Rag, A Bone, A Hank of Hair p.4
In Merlin's Chamber is a rag, a bone and a hank of hair
... all that remains of Captain Britain! We bid you enter to
see what transpires.

SPIDERMAN

To Die A Hero p.43
Spidey defeated by the deceptively powerful kingpin.

INSIDE COMICS

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING FRANK p.38
An appreciation of Daredevil artist, Frank Miller, by the
ubiquitous Alan Moore.

THE EARLY WORK OF GARRY LEACH p.47
Examples of Garry's work from the age of eleven to his
first printed strip!

FANZINE REVIEWS p.12
Fantasy Express, Triple Echo and Fantasy Advertiser
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NEWS FEATURE p.20
Frank Plowright with the latest info about the comics
scene.

COMPETITION p.14
Paul Neary's original Daredevils cover artwork to be won!

COMIC MART p.52
Take the opportunity to swap your 'willy nilly' comics
for those you need to make up a set.

BULLPEN BULLETINS p.14
Nuff said frantic ones!

PIN-UPS p.28
Daredevil by one of Britain's top comic artists Gary Leach.

Cover Artwork:
Paul Neary

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IN THE END, THE DARKNESS SWALLOWS EVERYTHING. SPACE VANISHES, TIME IS NO LONGER. EVEN A MEMORY ALL IS LOST IN THE NUMB AND SILENT DEPTHS OF FOREVER.

CAPTAIN BRITAIN IS DEAD.

AND WHAT THEN? WHEN THE FLESH IS DISCARDED IS ANYTHING LEFT? IS THERE A LIGHT THAT PIERCES THAT TERRIBLE FINAL SHADOW? SOME SAY YES. SOME SAY NO.

SOME PRETEND NOT TO CARE. BUT THEY DO. WE ALL DO. ALL OF US FRAGILE AND TEMPORARY THINGS.

ARE THERE CITIES IN THE WILDERNESS BEYOND THE FIELDS OF LIFE? ARE THERE SOARING IMMORTAL SPIRES THAT SHINE WITH A FLURE AND HEARTBREAKING BEAUTY?

ALONE ON OUR TINY BALL OF MUD WE STAND SHOUTING QUESTIONS AT A DEAF SKY. WHERE WILL WE BE WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT? WHERE DO WE GO WHEN WE DIE?

AND THERE IS NO ANSWER AND SO WE BUSY OURSELVES WITH THE TASK OF IGNORING OUR MORTALITY. WE MAKE GLORIOUS WAR. WE MAKE ANGRY GODS. WE MAKE SAD AND BITTER LOVE.

BUT BETWEEN OUR FRANTIC LABOURS THERE ARE CHINKS OF SILENCE. MOMENTS WHEN WE HEAR THE SMALL AND FRIGHTENED VOICE THAT WHISPERS IN THE LONG NIGHT.

"WHERE? WHERE DO WE GO WHEN WE DIE?"

WILL THERE BE VAST PALACES ALIVE WITH LIGHT AND LAUGHTER? WILL THERE BE PEOPLE THERE, WAITING BEYOND THAT LAST GREY CURTAIN?

AND IF THERE ARE, WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE WILL THEY BE?

AND IF THERE ARE, WHAT, ON WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF US?

WE ARE READY. MY LOVE. THE COMPLEX ABOUT US SINGS WITH THE POWER OF A THOUSAND SUNS.

ARE THE RISKS IN THEIR APPOINTED PLACE? THE CHARRED AND PITIFUL FRAGMENTS THAT ARE ALL THAT REMAINS OF...

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

THEY'RE HERE FATHER, SUSPENDED IN THE STASIS FIELD. ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT WE CAN SUCCEED IN THIS?

THERE'S SO LITTLE OF HIM LEFT...

a rag, a bone, a hank of hair...

CO-CREATORS - ALAN MOORE & ALAN DAVIS
LETTERER - JENNY O'CONNOR
EDITOR - BERNIE JAY



NOTHING IS CERTAIN ANY JEWEL IF WE HAD BEEN ABLE TO PLUCK HIM SOONER FROM THAT DREX ALTERNATE WORLD AND BRING HIM HERE.

IF THAT WORLD HAD NOT BEEN IN THE GRIP OF A REALITY STORM THAT THWARTED EVEN MY ABILITIES...

AN EMPTY WORD. LET US PROCEED.



VERY WELL, I WILL COMMENCE WITH THE SKELETON, BUILDING IT AROUND FROM THE EXISTING SHARD OF THIGH-BONE.

IF ONLY WE HAD SOMETHING MORE CENTRAL TO USE AS A BASE IF WE COULD HAVE SALVAGED THE UPPER SPINE.



"IF" YOU COMPLAIN TOO MUCH, DAUGHTER, YOU HAVE ONLY TO RECREATE A HUMAN BODY. MINE IS BY FAR THE MORE AMBITIOUS TASK.

I MUST PIECE TOGETHER THE SPLINTERS OF A DEAD PERSONALITY. I MUST REBUILD HIS MIND, HIS DREAMS, HIS MEMORY.



...HIS SOUL.

ITS WORKING, FATHER. THE SKELETON IS COALESING FROM THE BIO-FOG.



IT IS LARGER AND STRONGER THAN I HAD THOUGHT. HE MUST HAVE BEEN A VERY BIG MAN.

INDEED, AND A VERY COMPLEX MAN AS HUMANS GO.



LET US SEE JUST HOW COMPLEX...

LET US STIR THE WATERS OF A HUMAN MIND AND SEE WHAT MAY BE READ WITHIN THE WIDENING SILVER RIPPLES.



LET US SEE WHAT IMAGES GLIDE LIKE PHOSPHORESCENT FISH THROUGH THE DEPTHS OF ONE MAN'S LIFETIME. LET US SEEK TO ANSWER THAT MOST VAST OF QUESTIONS...

WHO WAS BRIAN BRADDOCK?



"AND THERE WE SEE HIM, A CHILD, ONE OF TWINS WITH HIS SISTER ELIZABETH BORN TO A FAMILY WHO WERE NO LONGER QUITE WEALTHY ENOUGH."

"TOO POOR TO ASSOCIATE WITH HIS ASPIRING PEERS, TOO AFRAID TO SEEK THE COMPANY OF THE LOWER CLASSES. HE WAS, I THINK, A LONELY CHILD."



"AND AS HE GREYED, THE LONG-HAIRS GREYED WITH HIM, GIFTED WITH A GRASP OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND THE RATIONAL, HE IMMERSUED HIMSELF IN THE STUDY OF PHYSICS."

"A COLD AND EXACT SCIENCE, THERE WAS LITTLE ROOM IN HIS LIFE FOR THE WARMTH OF FRIENDSHIP OR FOR THE AMBIGUITIES OF LOVE."

"NATURALLY HE WAS NOT WITH-
OUT PHYSICAL NEEDS. HE
SATISFIED THESE WITH BRIEF
AND SHALLOW RELATION-
SHIPS THAT LEFT HIS
PRIVATE, INNER SELF
INTOUCHABLE."

"HE WAS PURSUING ONE OF
THESE RELATIONSHIPS THE
NIGHT HIS PARENTS DIED.
THE GUILT HE FELT AT NOT
BEING THERE WHEN
HIS PARENTS DIED WAS
A MENSE AND TERRIBLE."



FASCINATING IS
IT NOT? HOW DEATH
AND DESTINY CON-
SPIRED TO DRIVE
HIM FURTHER INTO THE
LONELY, ALIENATED VOID
WITHIN HIMSELF?

ONE
WOULD ALMOST
THINK THAT IT HAD
ALL BEEN
PLANNED.

YES,
ONE WOULD. THE
SKELETON IS COM-
PLETED, FATHER.



"EXCELLENT! NOW, HERE WE
REACH AN INTERESTING
EPISODE. THERE, SEES THE
YOUNG MAN, BRIAN BROADDOCK,
HARD AT WORK AT THE DARK-
MOOR RESEARCH CENTRE."

"IT WAS A JOB HE HAD TAKEN
DURING HIS HOLIDAYS FROM
THE PLACE CALLED THAMES
UNIVERSITY HE LIRED TO
WORK. IT CALLED THE PHIN
INSIDE HIM."



"BUT DESTINY WAS NOT
FURNISHED WITH HIM. ONE
COULD MIGHT THE COMPLEX
WAS ATTACKED BY A MAN
CALLED JOSHUA STARR, &
KNOWN AS THE REVER."

"REYNARD STARRS HIMSELF
WAS BUT THE PHIN OF A
HIGHER POWER. WHO CAN
SAY? CERTAINLY IT WAS
THE THREAT HE POSED
THAT SENT BROADDOCK
FLEEING OUT INTO THE
OCTOBER DARKNESS."



"OTHERWISE HE MIGHT NOT HAVE
STUMBLED ACROSS THE GROUP
OF STANDING STONES AT THE
HEART OF DARKMOOR. HE
MIGHT NOT HAVE SEEN HIS
VISION."

HE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN LURED
BY THOSE "POWERING PRESENCES"
TO TAKE UP THE MYSTIC AMULET
THAT WAS TO CHANGE HIS VERY
EXISTENCE...



HE
MIGHT HAVE REMAINED
HUMAN. DO YOU EVER THINK
ABOUT THAT, FATHER. ABOUT
WHAT HIS LIFE MIGHT HAVE
BEEN. HAD IT NOT BEEN
INTERFERED WITH.

HE COULD
HAVE BEEN HAPPY.
DOESN'T THAT CONCERN
YOU?



NO.
HE
WAS NEEDED. ONE
HUMAN'S HAPPINESS
MATTERS LITTLE COMPARED
TO THE FATE OF WORLDS.
HAVE YOU COMPLETED
HIS DNA STRUCTURE?

YES, IT
WAS DIFFICULT. HE SEEMS
TO HAVE BEEN ALTERED GENETI-
CALLY DURING HIS STAY ON
THE PARALLEL EARTH. THE
BONDING IRREGULARITIES
ARE DIFFERENT.



NO MATTER PROCEED AS PLANNED WHILE
I PROCEED TO UNRAVEL THE LIFE OF
THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED
INTO THE BEING CALLED CAPTAIN
BRITAIN.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN STRANGE FOR
HIM. A RATIONAL AND COLLECTIVE
SCIENTIFIC CREATURE, SUDDENLY
TRANSMUTED BY AN AMULET
THAT WAS THE PRODUCT OF MAGIC.

"BECAUSE HE STILL DIDN'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC, YOU SEE, HE CLUNG DESPERATELY TO HIS RIGID SCIENTIFIC LOGIC DESPITE WHAT HE HAD BECOME."

"FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS HE DEFINED HIMSELF AS A SUPERHERO, LOSING HIMSELF IN MINDLESS BATTLES WITH FOES WHO WERE THE SPINN OF AN AMOK TECHNOLOGY."

"HE WAS TRYING TO DENY THE POWER THAT HAD TOUCHED HIM, BUT TO NO AVAIL. FOR THERE WAS A SIDE OF HIM THAT RESPONDED TO THOSE ELDRITCH INSTINCTS."

"AND AT LAST THIS DARK SIDE OF HIS PERSONALITY ASSERTED ITSELF. HE BECAME ENTANGLED WITH VAMPIRES, DIRE WOLVES, CHILDREN OF THE SHADOWLANDS..."

"THIS DID SCIENCE AND SORCERY STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY WITHIN HIS TORTURED MIND. THE BREAKDOWN FINALLY CAME IN MID-FLIGHT OVER THE ATLANTIC."

"...AND THUS HE CAME TO BE WASHED UP UPON A BEACH IN CORNWALL, ALL THE PAIN AND CONFLICT IN HIS MIND LOST WITHIN THE WHITE FOGS OF AMNESIA."

"HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS OR WHAT FORCES HAD DRIVEN HIM TO THAT PLACE. HE ONLY HOPED THAT THEY WOULD FINALLY LEAVE HIM ALONE."

"AN MY PRECIOUS SENTIMENTAL CHILD, WE ARE NOT SO VERY ALIKE. ARE WE? WHERE YOU SEE BEAUTY, JOY AND PAIN, I SEE ONLY NECESSITY."

"AND WHEN I FIRST BECAME AWARE OF THE TERRIBLE THREAT THAT FACED THE UNIVERSE, I SAW THE NECESSITY OF A CHAMPION TO STAND AGAINST IT."

"BUT CREATING THAT CHAMPION, SHAPING A WHOLE BEING WHOSE SOUL STOOD ON THE BORDERLANDS OF BOTH SCIENCE AND SUPERNATURAL, THAT WAS THE DIFFICULT PART."

"CONVINCED THAT THE PLANE HE TRAVELLED ON WAS BEING ATTACKED BY THE FORCES OF DARKNESS, HE BAILED OUT. HE WAS QUITE MAD AT THIS POINT QUITE MAD."

"DIFFICULT AND SLOW. FOR TWO YEARS BRYAN BROADDOCK EXISTED AS A HERMIT ON THE CORNISH COASTLINE WHILE HIS PSYCHE SETTLED INTO THE REQUIRED SHAPE."

"BUT THAT WAS NOT TO BE, WAS IT FATHER?"

"THE MUSCLES ARE FORMING ALONG WITH THE NERVOUS AND CIRCULATORY SYSTEMS. IT'S LIKE LOOKING AT A PIECE OF CLOCKWORK... SO INTRICATE AND BEAUTIFUL..."

"BEFORE HE WAS CALLED UPON TO FIGHT AGAIN, ALONGSIDE THE CHAMPION KNOWN AS THE BLACK KNIGHT IN THE SERVICE OF MERLIN."

"MERLIN BROADDOCK SAW HIM AS A FATHERLY OLD MAN, AN IMAGE HE RESPONDED TO WITH ALL THE DEDICATION HE FELT HE DENIED HIS NATURAL FATHER."

"WHAT ADVENTURES THEY WERE! IT WAS HIS RATIONAL SIDE THAT WAS SUPPRESSED NOW AS HE FOUGHT AGAINST TROLLS AND OGRES, DEMONS AND NIGHT GAUNTS."



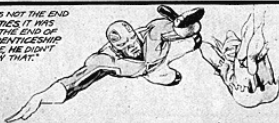
"AND IN FIGHTING, HE DIED. HIS SPIRIT DRIFTED ALMOST TO THE TAVES OF EXISTENCE BEFORE IT WAS RESCUED BY THE ALL-WISE BEING CALLED MERLIN."

"HE WAS TAKEN TO A REALM CALLED OTHERWORLD, WHICH HE SAW AS A PLACE OF ANCIENT TOWERS AND TRANQUIL MEDIEVAL SPLENDOR."



"THERE THE TWO OPPOSING HALVES OF HIS HAIRING SOUL WERE AT LAST RECONCILED INTO ONE WHOLE BEING. AT LAST HE WAS AT PEACE."

"BUT IT WAS NOT THE END OF HIS DUTIES. IT WAS MERELY THE END OF HIS APPRENTICESHIP OF COURSE. HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT."



"INDEED BEFORE HE COULD FACE THE TASK FOR WHICH HE HAD BEEN CREATED, THERE WAS STILL ONE FINAL TEST. HIS APPEARANCE CHANGED. HE WAS RETURNED TO EARTH."



"BUT NOT HIS EARTH."

"HE WAS SKIN, FATHER. THE BODY APPROACHES COMPLETION."

"FATHER COULD HE NOT AT LEAST HAVE BEEN TOLD WHAT HE WAS BEING PREPARED FOR? IT SEEMS SO MUCH LIKE WANTON CRUELTY."

"NOT CRUELTY MY PALE FLOWER. NECESSITY."



"SHOULD WE SUCCEED HERE THE GREATEST BATTLE OF CAPTAIN BRITAIN'S LIFE IS STILL BEFORE HIM. IT IS VITAL THAT HE APPROACHES IT WITH AN OPEN MIND."

"ALL THAT COULD BE DONE WAS TO GIVE HIM HINTS OF ITS NATURE AND HOPE THAT HE COULD LEARN FROM THEM."



"THAT WAS WHY HE WAS SENT TO THE ALTERNATE EARTH WITH ONLY THE BRAVE AND NOBLE ELF JACKDAW AS HIS COMPANION."

"POOR LITTLE JACKDAW. IF ONLY I HAD BEEN ABLE TO RISK SAVING HIM WITHOUT ENDANGERING THE CHANCES OF SAVING CAPTAIN BRITAIN HIMSELF..."



"E!"



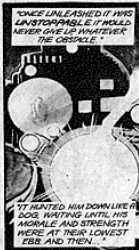
"THE BRUTAL STATUS CREW THE EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL MEDDLER CALLED SATURNINE AND THE VERY HEART OF THE HORROR, THE REALITY-WARPING MUTANT KNOWN AS MAD JIM ZIPSER."



"STRAIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF ZIPSER'S MOST LETHAL CREATION."



"IT HAD BEEN DESIGNED BY ZIPSER TO DO HIS WORLD OF ALL SUPER-BEINGS SAVE HIMSELF CAPTAIN BRYANTIN BECAME ITS ONLY REMAINING TARGET."



"IT HUNTED HIM DOWN LIKE A DOG, WAITING UNTIL HIS MORALE AND STRENGTH WERE AT THEIR LOWEST EBB AND THEN..."



"I ONLY PRAY THAT IT IS THE CORRECT ORDER. I PRAY THAT HE IS NOT MADE FOREVER AVOIDING BY HIS EXPERIENCES FOR HIS SAKE. FOR ALL OUR SAKE."



"THE POWER NOW LIES WITHIN HIM. WITH HIS COSTUME, HIS AMPLIFIED FORCE FIELD HAS BEEN LIMITED AND HIS PERCEPTION ENHANCED HE IS READY."



"LET THERE BE A JOINING."

LET THERE
BE LIFE!

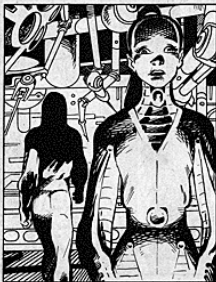
HE WAS IN A COMEYFORD. HE
WAS IN DESPERATE DEATH
TOOK HIM FROM BEHIND A
SEARING BOLT OF BLISTER-
ING FLAME. HE DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO SCREAM.

HE SCREAMED NOW THE SCREAM
SPRANG ON A PLANE BEYOND
TIME BEYOND SPACE BEYOND
LIFE AND DEATH THE SCREAM
ENDS ON...

DARKMOOR SEPTEMBER
THE EIGHT, 1982

O-DARKMOOR.
I-IM ALIVE.

I'M ALIVE
AND I'M ON
DARKMOOR.



'INSIDE COMICS'

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING FRANK" by alan moore

Listen, don't you kids try and talk to me about comics! I've been reading the damn things for the past twenty two years and I'm bitter, jaded and cynical in terminal proportions. I was there back in 1961 when Marvel comics began their grand experiment in attempting to endow two-dimensional superheroes with believable personality quirks and genuine human anxieties. I was there a few years later when the noble enterprise had sunken back into the same weary, formulaised rut and it seemed that in order to become a super-human you had to have a bad leg, a dicky ticker or a maiden aunt with chronic varicose veins.

I was there when Jim Steranko started filling the pages of *Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.* with dizzying exploded layouts where time could slow down to a crawl by means of breaking an action down into lots of tiny frames, or where the trajectory of a character's leap could be splintered into a sequence of flowing kinetic images. I was there when Neal Adams took over the art chores on D.C.'s *Deadman in Strange Adventures*, turning the strip in the process into a harsh and brutal fantasy classic where every panel exuded a palpable grimness. I was cheering from the front stalls on the opening nights of *Goodwin* and *Simonson's Manhunter* of *Jim Starlin's* ingeniously paranoid *Warlock*, of *Barry Smith's* sumptuous *Art Nouveau* interpretation of *Conan*.

I was also there when all of these strips fell beneath the scythe of plummeting sales and their creators wandered off, with a few notable exceptions, to devote their energies to the production of lavish and self-indulgent portfolios that were affordable only to the Getty's Rothschilds and Lord Kagan's of this world. All of which served to prove that ancient, inexorable maxim which cruelly states that "Good stuff doesn't last because good stuff doesn't sell."

So listen, don't talk to me about comics. It's too painful.

★

Now, given the fact that I'm old, cranky and unreasonable it shouldn't be surprising that I greeted the arrival of *Frank Miller* with dour pessimism and little enthusiasm for his future within

the comics medium. I remember an evening over at *Steve Moore's* place where we were both thumbing through a stack of recent *Daredevils* and growing uncharacteristically excited about the low-key drama of the storytelling, the understated plausibility of the characterisation. Suddenly, in the midst of this pathetic adolescent euphoria I stopped

"Through the way in which Miller arranges the shots we are made to feel the anguish



dead.

"I dunno what we're getting worked up about this stuff for. Within a couple of years this Miller guy's going to have an ego the size of Wembley and drift off to draw coffee-table extravaganzas full of moody barbarians with naked women surgically grafted to their legs."

A couple of years later I was introduced to Frank Miller while we were both guests at the '82 Comicon convention, and it grieves me to report that he is one of the nicest guys you could ever hope to meet, that his ego is constrained to entirely manageable proportions and that from all indications he seems to intend to remain in the comic field until his eyesight goes the same way as that of the character he is most frequently associated with. You live and learn, lads. You live and learn.



Now, it strikes me at this point in my narrative that there may well be those amongst you whose first exposure to the extraordinary abilities of Mr. Miller is the issue of *The Daredevils* that you are currently grasping in your clammy paws. There may be those amongst you

who are wondering, quite justifiably, what all the fuss is about. Well, gather round and we'll make the picture go all misty around the edges while I take you back to the dim and distant days of 1979, and to my first encounter with Frank Miller and the sordid elegance that he has brought to Daredevil.



In 1979, nearly twenty years after I first picked up a copy of *Flash* comics at the age of seven, my once-fanatical comic buying had dwindled to the merest trickle. Every month both D.C. and Marvel seemed content to regurgitate the same stale plot devices and insipid characterization that had been their trademark for the previous ten years. Spiderman would break up with his girlfriend due to a misunderstanding. The Rhino would break out of Ryker's Island penitentiary and go on a rampage simply because it was a Thursday night and there wasn't anything else to do.

For my own part I tended to turn my back upon the situation and content myself with either 2000 AD or the occasional underground comic, where it at least seemed that people were attempting to break out of the mould



"A scene from a story entitled 'Master Race' by Bernie Kingstein."

and do something different, something that would contribute towards realizing the enormous potential of the comics



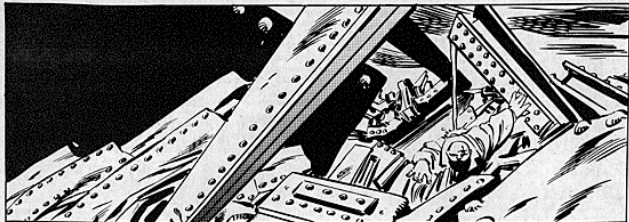
Why the hell I bothered to pick up a copy of *Daredevil* 158 is something which continues to mystify me up until this present day.

The cover wasn't anything special. The story inside, by Roger McKenzie didn't seem to be a massive step forward for the comic book industry, although to be fair it did have its moments of tension and drama. The artwork itself was pretty ordinary... except that it did have these little touches here and there. There was a scene where the Unholy three carried a helpless Matt Murdock over the rooftops of New York, in which somehow the eerie and unnatural lighting of Wally Wood was combined with the physical presence of budding Neal Adams. There was a spectral final sequence in a graveyard with Death Stalker leaping through a tombstone... there was definitely something there. The man could without doubt tell a story, albeit by fairly conventional means. I made a vague subconscious note to pick up the next issue...



The next few issues came and went, and with each one there was a notable increasing sense of confidence about the art. The layouts seemed to be getting slightly more daring too... in the Doctor Octopus episode in issue 165 there were sometimes as many as eleven or twelve frames on a single page, arranged so as to give the maximum dramatic impact to each scene. In one frame mobsters would be shooting pool, their cues sending balls skittering across the green baize. In the next, a single red glove would reach out of the darkness, one finger extended to halt the ball in





"The Kingpin is transformed from the podgy, pompous buffoon of the early Spiderman appearances into a man who has buried his humanity under a mountain of iron resolve as vast as his physical body."

mid motion. Sadly, the writer seemed to have taken the opportunity of the extra frames to cram in as much extra dialogue as possible, even during those sequences where it wasn't really necessary. But what the hell... it was getting there.



Also, to the discerning eye, there were a number of interesting artistic influences working their way out through the pages of this new, revitalised Daredevil. A sequence in D.D 164, where, in a retelling of his original story, Daredevil pursues a terrified racketeer through a subway, bore a striking resemblance to scene from a story entitled 'Master Race' drawn for the old E.C. comics line by comic strip

pioneer *Bernie Krigstein*. In the background of certain panels which showed Daredevil racing over the rooftops of a gritty and seamy New York, billboards would be partly visible bearing the words "The Spirit"... a reference to *Will Eisner's* habit of incorporating the logo of his *Spirit* strips into some element of his splash-page design. The logo would appear on a torn poster crudely pasted to a brickwall... or even on a billboard.



It became obvious, both by means of these in-joke asides and also by Miller's own method of telling a story in pictures that here was someone who had learned at the feet of impeccable masters. There was a touch of *Eisner*, a

touch of *Kirgstein*, a smattering of *Steranko*... but more and more as the series progressed there was a generous helping of pure *Frank Miller*.

In issue 164, for example, we are treated to a brief but powerful piece of narrative when reporter Ben Urich reveals Daredevil's secret identity by means of a photograph which he holds up and asks the blind hero to describe. In six tiny, narrow frames we see Daredevil turn first one way and then the other as if in an attempt to escape having to admit that he cannot see the picture, which remains unmoving and unwavering in the foreground throughout the entire six frame sequence. Eventually, Daredevil is forced to turn and face it, admitting his blindness. Through the way in which Miller

arranges the shots we are made to feel the anguish of Daredevil's decision in a manner which makes the speech balloons almost redundant.

Again, in issue 164, we are allowed to see Millers usage of symbolism for dramatic effect. There is a frame during the flashback sequence that takes up most of the book in which Matt Murdock's father is ensnared by a racketeer known as the Fixer in a shady deal which will ultimately lead to his death. As the Fixer holds out the fatal contract for Murdock Senior's signature we see the weary and defeated face of the down and out boxer encircled by the smoke rings from the fat mobsters cigar, just as he himself has been encircled and outflanked by the Fixer's oily, persuasive argument. Of course, in the world of the cinema this sort of stuff is old hat, (*There's a scene in Stanley Kubrick's "Paths of Glory"* where the hero and his treacherous commanding officer walk casually around a large office. The twisting, maze-like pattern of the floor tiles which their steps seem to follow is analogous to the labyrinth of justifications and rationalizations that the junior officer is becoming ensnared in) but in the world of comics there are precious few who pull these sort of stunts without looking either clumsy or mannered. This Frank Miller was obviously becoming someone to watch.

yielded some of the most exemplary pieces of work that the medium has yet produced... *Harvey Kurtzman's* E.C. war stories, *Will Eisner's* *Spirit* stories, *Art Spiegelman's* horrific and touching *Maus* serial, all of these benefit from not being the product of a writer who wants to cram in as much pretty writing as possible, teamed with an artist who is equally intent upon filling every available inch of page with exquisitely detailed rendering. At the hands of an artist/writer the medium achieves a kind of grace and balance seldom achieved by other means.

It is also a sort of an acid test.

After all, a writer and artist working in collaboration with each other have always got someone else to blame if the strip doesn't work. Starting with issue 168, Miller would have no-one but himself to blame if the series dive bombed.



It didn't. It flourished. Over the space of a very few issues Miller's writing became as self-assured as his artwork, and, as his confidence increased we began to see more and more daring graphic storytelling devices creeping into the pages of Daredevil.

Beyond that, the stories were damned good fun even if you didn't

of an explosion that has apparently claimed the life of his wife, Vanessa. We close in implacably upon his barely-conscious face, blood dribbling from nose and lips, as inch by inch he hauls himself from the rubble. Suddenly his eyes open and we see the look of dumb disbelief dawning in them as the realization of his wife's death floods into his battered consciousness. His face fills the frame, those awful stricken eyes making it look suddenly lost and childlike as he whispers her name.

In the five brief panels that make up this sequence the Kingpin is transformed in Miller's capable hands from the podgy, pomous buffoon of the early Spiderman appearances into a man who has buried his humanity under a mountain of iron resolve as vast as his physical body.

This treatment of the Kingpin is a fine example of Miller's approach to characterization as a whole, whether it be with a creation of his own, like the female mercenary killer Elektra, or with some other writers creation like J. Jonah Jameson, the Kingpin, or Daredevil himself.



Naturally, I could go on and on describing my favourite episodes at tedious length. After all, there are a hell of a lot

"In one frame mobsters would be shooting pool, their cues sending balls skittering across the green baize. In the next, a single red glove would reach out of the darkness, one finger extended to halt the ball in mid motion."



With issue 168 the reason why became readily apparent. It was with this issue that Miller took over the writing of Daredevil, making it the only Marvel title in some while to have a single individual at the creative helm rather than the usual artist/writer collaboration.

Now, as anyone will tell you, those happy instances where writer and artist are combined in one person have

happen to be a pseudo-intellectual comic's critic like myself.

In 169 we were allowed to see the world through the eyes of a psychotic killer whose diseased brain is transforming everyone that he sees into an image of the red-garbed vigilante who is his greatest enemy. In 171 we watch the gangtantuan Kingpin of Crime, dragging himself, bruised and bloodied, from a tangle of collapsed girders in the wake

of them. But all things considered I'd probably end up repeating myself and you'll be seeing these particular masterpieces for yourself in the months to come, anyway.

I think it's preferable that I should try and isolate some of the elements of Millers technique and try to define exactly what it is that makes him such an original and influential figure on today's comics landscape.

Firstly, as a writer, I admire Miller's approach to characterization almost more than any other single factor. Prior to Miller the traditional Marvel comics approach to characterization had been fairly simple and largely ineffective. Stone-faced characters would perform fistfights and love scenes with the same air of general indifference while huge thought balloons floated above their heads informing us of the turbulent emotions that they were, in fact, experiencing.

This is a clumsy method for a couple of reasons. Firstly, it looks silly. The range of facial expression available to a distressing number of artists is very often limited to "mouth open" or "mouth closed". Simply telling us that these characters are going through major identity crises isn't really adequate. Not when the characters concerned show all the passion, response and feeling of a catatonically withdrawn pomegranate.

Secondly, it's unnatural. In real life, meeting someone for the first time, you're forced to reach an opinion of their personalities on the basis of the things they say and the things they do. You don't have handy thought balloons hovering above their heads informing you that in five minutes they intend to either invite you home for lunch or steal your wallet. You don't have conveniently suspended caption boxes explaining that they're only behaving like a complete jerk because of the emotional upset caused by the Green Goblin having fed their girlfriend into a liquidiser.



In Miller's work, thought balloons and captions have become less and less a part of his characterization technique. All we know of what's going on inside his character's minds is what we can deduce from a raised eyebrow, a quirk of the lip or a narrowing of the eyes. Just like in real life. (It's perhaps worth noting that Miller's creation Elektra, who most comic fans seem to love for her well-defined character as much as her 'less-is-more' approach to costumery, has never utilised thought balloons to expound upon her motivations. Thus, much of her characterization is in the readers mind. Perhaps that's exactly why it's so effective.)

The second aspect of Miller's work that deserve comment, that aspect which makes his stories such a fluid joy to read, is his flawless and precise sense of timing.

He seems to compose his stories with a musician's sense of rhythm and metre, often interrupting the staccato drama with a sudden oddly-shaped or silent frame that strikes a brief pause, a single downbeat before the story spirals off again in some new direction.

In issue 172 Miller introduces a startlingly effective device which both serves to smoothly change the scene and also to strike the necessary downbeat. By using tall panels running from top to bottom of the page and featuring some aspect of New York's variable cityscape, Miller subtly sets the mood for the scene which is to follow and also gives the reader the curiously involving sensation that he is being allowed to eavesdrop upon key events within the story.



Then there is Miller's eclecticism to consider. This, in itself, is nothing new. Indeed, the most successful artists within the medium have usually been those who allowed a wide range of outside influences to shape their styles. With *Eisner* it was the cinematic offerings of people like *Orson Welles*. With *Sieranko* it was the pop-art and psychedilia in vogue amongst the West Coast poster artists of the mid sixties. With *Barry Smith* it was the Symbolists and the Pre-Raphaelites. All of the above influences have proven popular and durable, and most of the new artists entering the field have selected some combination of them with which to enhance their fledgling styles.

While Miller is in many respects in the same category, he at least has chosen a much more extensive and yet still largely untapped vein of influence . . . that of the Japanese comic art tradition.

The way in which the Japanese approach the problem of comic storytelling is subtly different from our own occidental methods. For one thing, you have to read all the books starting from the back and working forwards reading from right to left across the page. That aside, there are less obvious touches. Small monochrome frames will be used to suspend time entirely, freezing the instant as a rain of deadly arrows streak through the air. Long silent sequences will be employed to build a tension that finally erupts in a paradoxically cold and controlled display of violence.



In the Japanese strip *Baby Carriage and Wolf*, which Miller cheerfully admits is his favourite comic strip in the entire world, there is a sequence where the adult hero, an impeccable super-swordsman usually referred to as *The Lone Wolf* who pushes his infant son around Japan in a baby carriage, is confronted by a small army of sinister figures armed with blowpipes. The scene detailing their approach is remarkable in the tension that it conveys.

First we see their long and eerie shadows stretching towards us across a pathway as they march along in single



file, silently and ominously. Next we see their feet, and from the way that they are all advancing in step we get the idea of their unstoppable, perfectly regimented progress. The next shot shows their mid sections, the full figures decapitated by the frame border. We get to see the deadly blowpipes that they are carrying. Finally, we see their faces ... or rather we see the weird, basket-like helmets that conceal their faces, making them even more the relentless and faceless harbingers of terrible death.



Comparing sequences like this with some of the ones in Miller's recent *Wolverine* series, produced in collaboration with *Chris Claremont*, we can see a similarity of pacing, mood and

atmosphere with Miller somehow translating the more esoteric elements of Oriental storytelling for the eyes of a western audience.



Finally then related to this eclecticism in Miller's work, we've got the element which in my opinion is probably the single most important factor in his make-up, that being the continued eagerness to experiment and break new ground, which keeps his work fresh and exciting, rather than allowing it to stagnate on some plateau of imagined excellence.

This latter route is one which a number of people seem to have opted for in the past, and, whilst they may still be occasionally venerated within

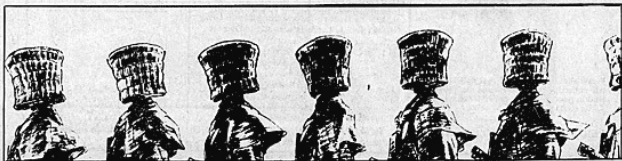
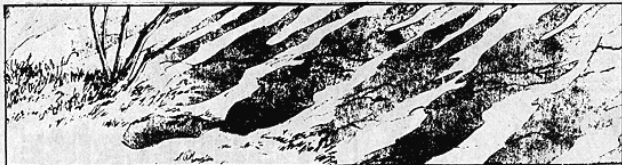
some fanzine retrospective of their illustrious careers, you'll notice that they don't actually seem to be doing much these days.

If Frank Miller can keep moving forward, both through the agency of his new Maxi-series for D.C. comics and through whichever other areas he chooses to apply his talents to, then I think we may be in for some rare treats in the years to come.



Of course, if in three years time no trace remains of Mr. Miller beyond a couple of luxurious *Good Girl Art* portfolios featuring *Elektra* and *The Black Widow*, then may I keep my critical options open by being the first to say "I told you so?"

From the Japanese strip Baby Carriage and Wolf, Frank Miller's favourite strip.



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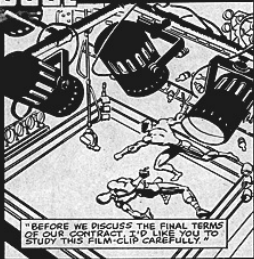
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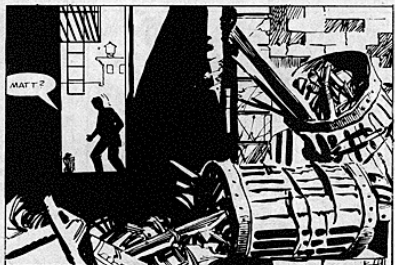
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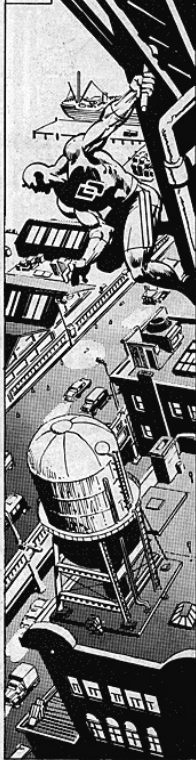




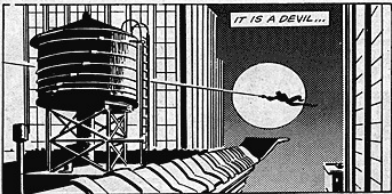




MIDNIGHT. THE WITCHING HOUR.
BUT IT ISN'T A WITCH THAT
CRAWLS HELL'S KITCHEN THIS
NIGHT.



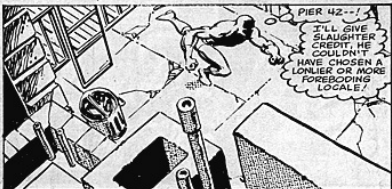
IT IS A DEVIL...



...A GRIM AND SIGHT-
LESS DEVIL THAT
GLIDES AS SILENTLY AS
A MOONCAST SHADOW
ACROSS DARK ROOF-
TOPS...

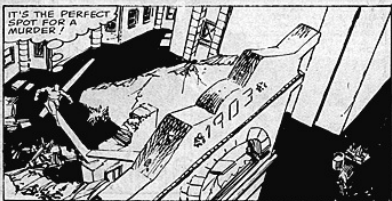


...AND DOWN DIRTY, CHEERLESS
BACKSTREETS TOWARD THE
FOG-SHROUDED WATERS OF
THE HUDSON RIVER AND...



PIER 42--!
I'LL GIVE
SLAUGHTER
CREDIT, HE
COULDN'T
HAVE CHOSEN A
LONLIER OR MORE
FOREBODING
LOCALE!

IT'S THE PERFECT
SPOT FOR A
MURDER!



PAUSE NOW WITH DAREDEVIL, CROUCHED IN THE SHADOWS OF AN OLD, FIRE-GUTTED BROWNSTONE OVERLOOKING THE WATERFRONT. CLOSE YOUR EYES AND LISTEN TO THE MUTED SOUNDS OF THE HARBOUR AT NIGHT...

...TO DISTANT SHIPS
MOURNING FITFULLY,
LOST SOMEWHERE
IN THE DARKNESS
AND THE FOG...

...TO THE RELENTLESS SLAP OF BLACK,
BRINY WATER AGAINST ROUGH-HEWN
WOODEN PILING AS A LONELY FIGURE
PACES SLOWLY BACK AND FORTH ALONG
PIER 42.

ALL THIS
DAREDEVIL
HEARS...

... AND MORE!



ALL THIS
HE
SENSES...

THE UNMISTAKABLE
SCENT OF BURNING
TOBACCO --

...AND FAINTER, THE
BITTER SMELL OF
CORDITE AND GUN-
POWDER!

WHERE
IS HE?



... AND MORE
BESIDES!

THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
SLAUGHTER IS AN OLD MAN,
SO WHY RISK COMING OUT
OF RETIREMENT JUST TO
PUT A CONTRACT OUT
ON ME?

WHERE'S
THE PROFIT
IN THAT?



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FANTASY FEVER

Britain's first and only fantasy media magazine is already gearing up for the Summer of Madness. Between now and the end of the year most of the scheduled major movies will be in the fantasy genre.

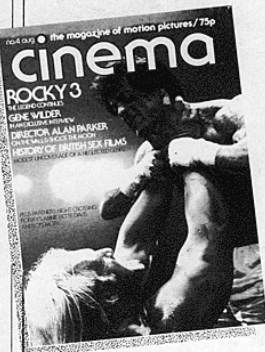
Star Trek 2, *The Secret of Nimh*, *The Thing*, *Poltergeist*, *Blade Runner*, *ET*, *Dark Crystal*, *Tron* and *Videodrome* are among the biggies lined up for pre-Christmas release. Not to mention *Revenge of the Jedi*, slated for an '83 opening.

During the next few months *Starburst* will be covering the making of these pictures and presenting in-depth interviews with stars on both sides of the camera. In short, detailed coverage of the most prolific corner of the film industry.

Starburst is changing format to cope with the overload, beginning with our big fiftieth issue. And the new-look *Starburst* is just too good to miss.

So place a regular order with your newsagent now and make 1982 the year of Fantasy Fever.

Starburst: The Magazine of Cinema and Television Fantasy



the magazine of motion pictures / 75p cinema COMPLETE COVERAGE

Unlike the other film magazines available in your local newsagents, *cinema* does not restrict itself to one narrow aspect of the movie business. Among its colour-packed pages you will find features on the art movies as well as the exploitation films, interviews with producers as well as directors and stars, previews of coming attractions and retrospectives on movie classics.

Cinema does not include token coverage of the video scene in an effort to boost flagging sales. The specialist video mags offer a more complete picture than any film magazine ever could.

What *cinema* offers in each 64 page, monthly issue is information on movies—past, present and future. Pure and Simple.

What film fan could ask for more?

Cinema: the magazine that *understands* movies

GARRY LEACH

-early artwork-



Two Fighting Warriors' drawn when 13 years old.



From a comic strip called "The Little Green Man" drawn when 11 years old



More finely rendered piece drawn at the age of 16 years.



First published work in Graphixus issue 2 1978 aged 24 years

Artwork this issue: Daredevil colour poster.

Gary was born 19.9.54. Studied Graphic Design at St. Martins School of Art. Produced work for Graphixus, 2000 AD, Warrior and Marvel. Has illustrated articles, been involved in animation, production work and as the record has it, loafing.

Next Issue: Paul Neary digs out his early artwork for display so don't miss it!







THE DARK, BULLET-
RIDDLED RIVER IS COLD
AS GOLD AS A TOMB.



BUT NOT AS COLD AS THE
LIFELESS HANDS THAT CLUTCH
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR IN A
DESPERATE DEATH-GRIP...



...DRAGGING HIM
DOWN INTO A
WATERY WORLD...



...WHERE LIFE IS
MEASURED NOT
IN YEARS AND
DAYS...



...BUT RATHER
IN MINUTES...

...AND
SECONDS!

AND EITHER A MAN IS
QUICK, OR SURELY HE
IS --

FANZINE REVIEWS

by alan moore

Fanzines, from my elevated and near-godlike perspective are curious creatures. Sometimes they can fill you with a burning pride at being a tiny cog in the industry of Human Happiness. Sometimes they can make you want to slam the end of your tie in the boot of a Ford Popular and tell the man behind the wheel to put his foot down.

They are in turn as inspired, as stupid, as funny, as difficult to read and as dazzlingly accurate as the books that inspire them. The one thing they have in common, however, is that they are the product of a great deal of love and enthusiasm. The only way a fanzine comes into being is by the agency of lots of rabid and critically deranged people slaving over a hot Gestetner machine into the small hours of morning, and doing so without the incentive of a fat pay check waiting for them at the end of their travails.

There's a kind of altruistic devotion to the medium there that I genuinely wish I could aspire to. (Of course, if I did I wouldn't be able to keep up the payments on my two holiday homes in the Azores and I'd have to let all of the servants go, so maybe I'm better off where I am.)

Anyway, spread before me at this moment, here in my lonely garret, are a selection of current and semi-current fanzines which I have been asked to review by the humane and charming Ms. Bernie Jaye, or 'She-Who-Must-Be-Obedied', as she's recently taken to insisting we call her. So, without further ado or vain ceremony allow me to roll up my elegantly-patterned shirtsleeves and dip into this type-set jungle to emerge with...

☆☆

FANTASY EXPRESS

(Previously *Metamorph*, available from Lew Stringer, 11 Middlemarsh Road, Hill Top, Nuneaton. 50p plus a 2nd class stamp for postage.)

This is the fourth issue of *Fantasy Express* to date and if you've missed the first three then you really are doing yourself an injustice. In a field that caters almost exclusively to the appreciation of mainstream American D.C. and Marvel comics, *Fantasy Express* stands out as being the only 'zine entirely dedicated to the British output.

If comic fans in this country are ever to have the degree of influence upon the comic book field currently enjoyed by their Trans-Atlantic counterparts, then it will be because of magazines like this, that take the time and trouble to look at the largely-ignored British comic field and to say what they like and what they don't like.

As to the actual contents of the issue in hand, the lead feature is an incredibly interesting interview with Joe Colquhoun, British comic artist of some thirty years standing. Joe is currently best known for the excellent work he's doing on *Charley's War*, a First-World-War strip which appears in the I.P.C.'s *BATTLE* weekly. Through a series of well-thought-out questions we are given an insight into the workings of the comic industry in this country as far back as the 1950's, and, in the process, we learn a lot about Joe himself. Together with Pat Mills,

the writer of *Charley's War*, Joe has done an incredible job in elevating the terminally hideous British war comic above it's usual level of racism and mindless violence, turning it into something capable of moral responsibility, and this tribute is long overdue.

As for the rest of *Fantasy Express*, well, there's a healthy news section, a number of exquisitely silly comic strips by editor Lew Stringer, a mini-interview with Pat Mills, a short feature on the obscure but manic *Russ 'n' Boots* strips that used to appear on the back page of the now-defunct *Sparky*, and, perhaps most interesting of all to the average comic fan in this country, the second half of an interview with Kevin O'Neill, artist on 2000 AD's justly-acclaimed *Nemesis* strip. As with the *Colquhoun* interview, the questions asked are intelligent and revealing and leave one wondering just how Kev O'Neill manages to cram so much talent, imagination and ability into such a small and basically puny body.

(Sorry, Kev, but it had to be said.)
Front cover by Joe Colquhoun, back cover by Kevin O'Neill and all in all probably my favourite fanzine doing the rounds at the moment. Buy one.

Okay. Next out of the hat is...

FANTASY ADVERTISER

(Available from Martin Lock, 3 Marlow Court, Britannia Square, Worcester S1 3DP, 40p plus a 2nd class stamp for postage.)

Ahhh, *Fantasy Advertiser*. *Fantasy Advertiser* was one of the first fanzines I ever purchased, back when I was fifteen or so and the mag was in the throes of an earlier incarnation, published by Frank Dobson and sporting covers by such unlikely notables as Steve Moore and Martin Asbury. I lost track of it a little during the years when *Des Skinn* was at the editorial helm, but it was at least reassuring to know that it was still there. F.A. has always been the cornerstone of British fandom, the one absolutely indispensable comic fanzine, and it's a delight to see Martin Lock and his colleagues carry on this grand tradition so admirably.

It's all here. There's what is probably the best and most up-to-date news service in British fandom, illuminated by lots of choice advance cover illustrations arranged in a pleasing and easy-on-the-eyes layout. There are intelligent and well written columns covering S.F. in the worlds of literature and celluloid. A page of fanzine reviews by Chris Padgett that are, quite frankly, a lot better than mine. There's a column by Pete Scott which always manages to be enjoyable whether it's covering an under-rated classic like *Pete A. Morris's Thunderbolt* or a justly obscure mound of garbage like the *M.L.J. Mighty Comics* line-up which get a fittingly affectionate retrospective review in the current issue (No. 75).

There's Mike Collins and Mark Farmer's *Moonstone* strip, one of the most competent and promising pieces of fan work that I've seen in a long time. There's Kev Sutherland's perceptive, droll and frequently scurrilous *Wednesday Column*, and there's one of the liveliest letter pages currently forthcoming, from fandom in the shape of *No Man's Land*.

Like I said, F.A. is near enough indispensable and if you want to dip a tentative toe in the muddy waters of the fan press then *Fantasy Advertiser* is without doubt the best place to start.

TRIPLE ECHO

(Available from Steve Roberts, 236, Fletcher Road, Preston PR1 5HH. £2.00 for four issues, single issue 50p, postage included.)

Hmmm. This is Volume 1, number 4, and a very nicely put together 'zine it is too. Its 55 pages of reduced type contain a wide range of intelligent reviews which cover S.F. books, films, music, fanzines, television and comics.

Also in there somewhere are interviews with *Blake's 7's* Paul Darrow and author Gary Kilworth, reviews of Carl Sagan's *Cosmos* programme, some superior fan fiction and some very competent illustrations and cartoons.

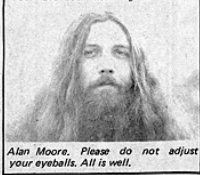
The mag has a nice, professional feel to it and a very welcome sense of humour running throughout many of its contributions. There's probably very little in there for the absolute dyed-in-the-wool comic fan, but those of you with broader interests will find a few kicks treats and jolts inside. I daresay. My knowledge of comic's fandom suggests that there are actually very few people who pursue comics and comics alone with a singeminded resolution, most people sensibly preferring to spread their appreciation over a number of areas.

That being the case, *Triple Echo* is providing a valid service and providing it very stylishly. Recommended.

☆☆☆

Well, I think that about wraps it up for this issue. These fanzine reviews will, I believe, be appearing on a regular or at least semi-regular basis in future, so if you want your offering reviewed then please send it along to the editorial address along with any publishing information that you feel is relevant. Fanzines with headlines along the lines of "Alan Moore: Genius or Demi-God?" "Alan Moore: Is He Too Good For Us, Or What?" will obviously get a fairer shake than the rest, and I think you should at least bear that in mind when putting your next issue together.

You have been listening to...



Alan Moore. Please do not adjust your eyeballs. All is well.









HE WOULD HAVE LIKED TO RUN... THIS MAN WITH-
OUT FEAR--



...BUT HE NEVER RUNS.





EPICURE!



IN THE HANDS OF BULLSEYE!

BULLPEN BULLETINS

THIS IS IT, NO. 1

Well it has finally arrived. The first issue of Daredevils. The Bullpen hope that you will all wear your badge with pride. In Spiderman weekly we recently tried to find out who had the largest collection of British Marvels. We discovered some very loyal marvelites who bought everything from the Mighty World of Marvel to Rupert Bear and even Kim. Now we are throwing out a challenge to discover the Marvelite who has the largest collection of badges. A special prize to the first RFO who sends a photo of him or herself plus badges. Nuff said.

PENPALS

Marvelites should stick together. So if any of you would like to write to another Marvelite then send us your name, age, address, and likes and dislikes and we will put your name and address in our penpal section.

£5 PRIZE...

... to the first comics fan to send us a clear picture of our Captain Britain artist, Alan Davis. If you've managed to snap him whilst he's been on a panel at any of the comics conventions, great! Send us the pic and claim your fiver.

COMIC COLLECTORS ATTENTION

Collecting comics is a serious business and sometimes a lot of money. But life isn't made easy if you cannot buy current copies of Marvel titles. The Bullpen thinks that *The Daredevils* will become a comic collector's must, so to make sure that you receive your copy, then you have a choice. Order a copy at your newsagents and make sure the newsagent places it on order, or take a subscription out - see the ad in this issue. You can buy 15 issues of *Daredevil* for the price of 12. Now that's value for money.

BRITISH ART

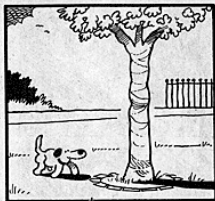
Who is your favourite British artist? At Marvel we reckon that the best of them work for the Bullpen, but what do you think? Let us know your top five. We reckon that three of the top five appear in this issue. Alan Davis, Garry Leach and Paul Neary. But what of our weeklies... who could be better than Mick Austin, Gerry Paris, Steve Dillon or John Higgins. Eat your hearts out 2000AD.

-LETTERS-

Copies of *Two Decades of Comics*, a review of all Marvel and DC Comics and characters since 1961 - 1981, will be given away free to the people who send us the best letters!

So stop keeping your thoughts to yourself, set them down on paper and send them post haste to:

Daredevils
"Marvel Comics"
205-211 Kentish Town Road
London NW5.



EARTH 33 1/3 by Tim Quinn and Dicky Howett.

COMPETITION

PRIZE:

ORIGINAL ARTWORK!

Sketch a cover for *The Daredevils* Comic on an A4 sized sheet of paper. Black and white drawings only. Submit it to the competition address given below, stating your name, age and address.

The sketch will be used as a layout indication by our cover artist Paul Neary, who will turn it into finished cover artwork to be used for *The Daredevils* cover in a future issue!

Not only that, Paul has offered the finished artwork as a prize for the winner!

Remember last date of entry is January 21st.

1. Competition closes 21st January 1983.
2. No correspondence will be entered into.
3. The editor's decision is final.
4. Winners will be notified by post.
5. Winners' names will appear in a future issue of *Monster Monthly*.
6. Employees and employees' relations of Marvel Comics Ltd. are not eligible for entry.
7. All entries must be clearly addressed with the name of the competition or competitions stated.

Send your entries to:
DAREDEVIL'S COVER COMPETITION,
MARVEL COMICS LTD.,
205-211, KENTISH TOWN ROAD,
LONDON NW5 2JU.

A special hello to all our old Spiderman Pocket Book readers. Below the continuing saga from PB28 as promised.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN!™

"TO DIE A HERO!"







THEY'RE ALL
SEALED IN, BOSS!

THE WATER'S POURIN'
IN FULL FORCE! IT
SHOULDN'T TAKE MOREN
FIVE MINUTES!

SPARE ME THE BORING
DETAILS, FLINT!

JUST LET ME KNOW
WHEN THE CHARADE
IS COMPLETELY
ENDED!



SPIDER-MAN?! FOR
THE LUVA -- WHA -- ?!!

HE'S WAKING UP! HE'S
BEGINNING TO STIR!

THE GAS MUST
BE FINALLY WEARING
OFF!

UNKN...!



IRON BANDS..
AROUND MY WRISTS!

WATER..GETTING
HIGHER BY THE
SECOND!

THAT MEANS...
THE KINGPIN...IS
TRYING TO..FINISH US!



WE DON'T NEED A BLASTED
HUNTLEY-BRINKLEY REPORT!!

NOW THAT YOU'RE
AWAKE...GET US
OUT OF HERE!



HOW
ABOUT GIVING
YOUR GUNS
A REST
WHILE
I TRY?



THESE BANDS AREN'T TOO
STRONG! THE KINGPIN MUST
FIGURE THEY WON'T MAKE
MUCH DIFFERENCE!

RIGHT! EVEN IF YOU
DO GET FREE
THEN WHAT?

EVEN YOU CAN'T
BREATHE FOR LONG
UNDER WATER!



IF YOU'LL CLAM UP FOR A FEW
MINUTES, MAYBE NEITHER OF US
WILL HAVE TO!

DON'T TRY TO KID
ME, WEB-HEAD!
WE'RE DONE FOR,
AND YOU KNOW IT!



OF ALL THE
PEOPLE TO
SPEND MY LAST
FEW MINUTES
ON EARTH WITH--
IT HADGTA BE ...
HEY!!

I DID IT! MY HANDS
ARE FREE NOW!

BIG DEAL!
WHAT'RE
YOU GONNA
DO...BREATHE
THROUGH YOUR
FINGERS?

NEWS FEATURE

This month's most interesting piece of news is an unconfirmed rumour, but the source is fairly impeccable, as it is writer/artist John Byrne. At an American comic convention he announced that there will be a series starring the Canadian superheroes, Alpha Flight (introduced in X-Men 120-121) coming from Marvel with a July 82 cover date. Although the Canadian government officially disbanded Alpha Flight in their last appearance, they will be reforming, based in Chicago, which does rather seem to negate their raison d'être. It all starts with Vindicator taking a job with Roxxon Oil. He didn't mention it, but I presume that Byrne intends to write and draw the series.

The Hobgoblin, a new foe for Spider-Man will be debuting in Spider-Man 238 and will play a large part in a plotline which is planned to run for the next year, concluding in a giant-sized issue 250. The Hobgoblin does seem to bear more than a passing resemblance to Spider-Man's old foe, the Green Goblin, but it is preferable to reviving the Green Goblin with yet another new identity.

Over in Peter Parker, the Spectacular Spider-Man there is a war between Dr Octopus and the Owl, with Spider-Man caught in the middle. The battles culminate in the double-sized issue 75, which also features the return of the Black Cat.

Long-time Marvel writer Doug Moench has left Marvel, leaving in his wake Master of Kung-Fu, the comic he has written for over eight years, and Moon-Knight, his own creation. Rumour has it that the artists on the two titles, Gene Day and Bill Sienkiewicz, have also left the company. Moench has moved to DC, where he will be writing Batman and Detective Comics (which also stars Batman) with issues 360 and 527 respectively. Both are cover dated July 1983. Moench has also become scripter on the misnamed World's Finest Comics, which teams Batman with Superman every month.

There's also shock news at DC, with the cancellation of Batman's other monthly title, the Brave and the Bold, in which he teams up with other DC characters. The comic first appeared in September 1955 and introduced such notable strips as Viking Prince (issue 1), the Justice League of America (28) and the Teen Titans (54) before



becoming a Batman team-up title with issue 67 in 1966.

It's uncertain which will be the final issue, although I feel it's fair to assume that the title will last until at least issue 200, which will be cover dated July '83.

Replacing the Brave and the Bold will be a new super-group comic, with Batman as the focus. It seems that the only reason that this couldn't be done under a blanket title such as the Brave and the Bold is that today's fans are more likely to collect a comic if they

by Frank Plowright



can start with a number one issue.

The Amethyst Princess of the Gem World comic featured in the first news column will finally be appearing with a May 1983 cover date, although in keeping with DC's policy for the introduction of new titles over the last few

years, the feature will debut as a free preview insert in one of the DC titles cover-dated April '83.

In case you've forgotten, the comic concerns the attempts of Amethyst to win back her throne on a magical world. Let's hope that scripters Dan Mishkin

and Gary Cohn and artist Ernie Colon can make the title a whole lot more interesting than it sounds.

A four issue mini-series starring Deadman will be coming from DC early in the new year. It will be written by the previously mentioned Mishkin and Cohn, and drawn by Trevor Von Eeden.



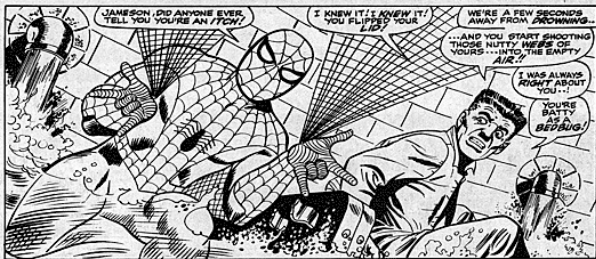
Over the past year, the consistently mediocre Ghost Rider comic has improved beyond all recognition under artist Bob Budiansky and the scripts of Roger Stern and now J.M. de Mattei (in case you've ever wondered, the "J.M." stands for Jerry Mark). This issue deals with the origin of Zarathos, the demon who inhabits the body of Johnny Blaze and causes him to become the Ghost Rider. An upcoming issue will feature the return of Johnny's old girlfriend Roxanne Simpson.

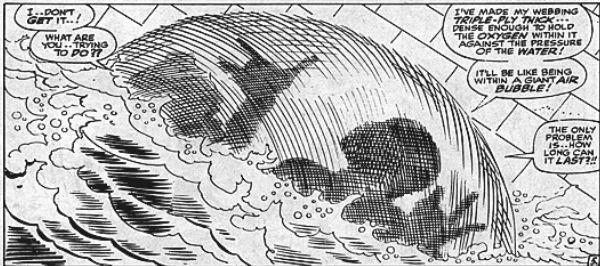
★

191 is the last Daredevil issue written by Frank Miller before his move to DC. It has Daredevil battling Bullseye. With the next issue Alan Brennert starts scripting the comic, although Klaus Janson continues as artist.

★

Marvel Two-In-One #96 carries on from the Marvel Two-In-One Annual 7. The Thing is in hospital recovering from injuries sustained in the annual and the Mole Man and his army of subterraneans decide to pay him a visit. It takes the combined strengths of the other members of the Fantastic Four, the X-Men and Daredevil to stop him. If, like me, you can't figure out any conceivable way for the Mole Man to last an entire issue against that lot you'll have to buy the comic.









Next issue: Spidey finds Kingpin!

TWO MORE WINTER SPECIALS FROM MARVEL



**ON
SALE
NOW**



... AND BOTH IN FULL COLOUR!

HAVE YOU HEARD
THE NEWS?



MARVEL SUPERHEROES and RAMPAGE MERGE!

*your favourite comic
strips in ONE MAG!*

★ X-MEN! ★

★ AVENGERS! ★

★ NIGHT RAVEN ★
text story!

on sale December

COMIC MART

Name: Colin Martin

Address: 2 Small Grains, Fawkhams, Nr. Dartford, Kent DA3 8NT.

Tel: Ash Green 872 459.

Offering: (British Marvel weeklies) MWOM 105, 207, 258, (333, (F)) 335, Spider-Man 259, Avengers 42, 46, 52, 81, 80, 83, 89, 91, 126, 128, 131-138, 142-144, 146, 148. Planet of the Apes 4, 58, 59, 93, 98, 102, 104, 109, 111, 122. Dracula Lives 9, Titans 11, 26, 34, 38, 39, 48, (52 (F)), Fury 12, 16, 17, 18, 20, Complete Fantastic Four 8, 11, 18, 22, 24-26, 28-34, Rampage Weekly (1 (F)) Star Wars Weekly (1 (F)) 2-5, 7-12, 13-36, 38-42, 44-47, 50, 53-117, Empire Strikes Back weekly 118, 120-134, 136-139, Doctor Who Weekly (1 (F)) 2-43, Forces in Combat 1-37, Future Tense 1-35, Valour 6, 8-19, Captain America 1, 3, 4, 6-10, 12, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 24-27, 41, 43, Marvel Action 1, 3-5, 7, Marvel Super Adventure 1-5, 9, 11-14, 17-26, Scooby-Doo 6, The Incredible Hulk (2nd series) 1. (British monthlies) Marvel Superheroes (365 (F)) Rampage Monthly 1, (2(F)) (11 Poor) Empire Strikes Back 140-5, 147-152, Doctor Who monthly 44, 45, 47-49, 52, 57, 60, Savage Sword of Conan 10, 17, 18, Starburst 1, 18, 28, 29, Frantic 1, 2, 4, Super hero Fun & Games 10, 12, Savage Action 4, 5, 10, Blockbuster 2, 3, 4, Marvel Madhouse 2, 6, Cinema Magazine 1, (Pocket Books) Fantastic Four 1, 3, 16, 17, Star Heroes / X-Men 3, 10, 16, 17, Chiller 3, 17, The Incredible Hulk 1, 5, 7, 8, 9, Titans 1, 2, 6, 10, (Specials) Star heroes (winter 1979) Frantic (winter 1979) Doctor Who (summer 1980) Valour (winter 1980), Warrior Woman (cover loose, summer 1980), Marvel Superheroes & The Occult (winter 1980), Blockbuster (winter 1980), Marvel Super Adventure (winter 1980), Captain America (summer 1981) Captain Britain (summer 1981), Western Gunfighters (Summer 1981), XOMen (winter 1981) Fantastic Four (winter) Werewolf (winter 1981), Merlin & Excalibur Special 1981. (UK Annuals)

Captain Britain 1978 Super heroes 1979, 1980, Fantastic Four 1980, 1981, Star Wars 1979, 1980, Empire Strikes Back 1981. (US monthlies) Amazing Adventures 28, 30, (Killraven/War of the Worlds) Astonishing Tales 35, Deathlok, Avengers 153, 165, 168, 171, 173, 184, 185, 194, 197, 206, 212, Battestar Galactica 2, 9, Black Goliath 3, Black Panther 9, 12, 13, Captain America 237 245, 248, 253, 260, Captain Marvel 53, 59, 60, Conan the Barbarian 121, Daredevil 173, Dazzler 6, Doctor Strange 15, 33, 48, Eternals 5, 12, Fantastic Four 229, 233, Frankenstein monster 16, Hulk, 265, Human Fly 18, Invaders 4, 22, 36, 37, 39, 40, Iron Man 73, 78, 123, 127, 128, 137, 149, Jon Carter Warlord of Mars 27, Journey Into Mystery (2nd) 15, Jungle Action 13-15, (Black Panther) Ka-Zar, (1st) 7, 9, Ka-Zar the Savage (2nd) Kull, the Destroyer 11, Machine Man 15, 16, Man Thing 1, (2nd) Marvel Classic Comics 33, (Prince & the Peeper) 36, (a Christmas Carol) Marvel Premiere 32, (Monark Stalker) 46, (Man wolf) 50, (Alice Cooper) 51, (Black Panther) 61, (Starford) Marvel Presents 7, 8, (Guardians of the Galaxy), Marvel Spotlight (2nd) 1-4, (Captain Marvel) 9, (Captain Universe), Marvel Two-In-One 43, 50, 65, 69, 74, 78, (Thing) Marvel Super Action 30, 34, 36, (original Avengers/reprints) Master of Kung Fu (39 (F)) 56, 61, 69, 74, 77, 79, 82, 83, 86, Micronauts 32, Moon Knight 2, 3, 6, 10, Ms. Marvel, 5, 10, 17, 18, 22, 33, Nova 16, (cover loose) 21, 23, 22, Powerman & Iron Fist 52, 53, 56, 57, Red Sonja 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, Rom 2, 17, 26, Savage She-Hulk 9, 10, 19, Prince Namour, the Savage Sub Mariner 66, Sgt. Fury as his Howling Commandos 163, Shogun Warriors 5, 11, 14, 15, Skull the Slayer 4, Spider-Woman 13, 27, Super Natural thrillers 15, (Living Mummy.) Tales to Astonish (2nd) (Sub Mariner reprints) 7, 8, 11, 13, The Mighty Thor 237, 241, 260, 271, 277, 280, 282, 289, 290, 291, 294, 295, 296-97, 301, 302, 303, 310, X-Men 114, 118, 125, 128, 129,

132, 133, 148, 149, 151, 153, (82, 98, with no cover). (Marvel Treasury editions) Hulk 5, (no back cover, taped seam) Conan 19, Marvel Preview Magazine 17 (black mark) Empire Strikes Back (illustrated paperback book).

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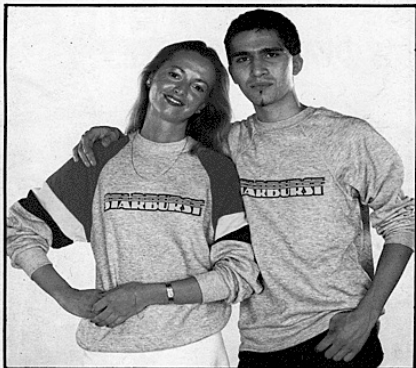
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